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THE PACIFIC

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DWELL DEEP.

Dwell deep! The little things that chafe and fret,
O waste not golden hours to give them heed!
The slight, the thoughtless wrong, do thou forget;
Be self forgot in serving others' need.
Thou faith in God through love for man shalt keep.
Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep!

Dwell deep! Forego the pleasure if it bring
Neglect of duty; consecrate each thought;
Believe thou in the good of everything,
And trust that all unto the wisest end is wrought.
Bring thou this comfort unto all who weep:
Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep!

—James Buckham.

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Mayor-Elect Hibbard of Boston, in a recent speech warned the politicians to keep their hands off, saying: "I was nominated as a Republican; I do not intend to attend a Republican gathering for the next two years." Good! Mr. Hibbard evidently intends to be mayor of all the people.

The supreme court of Minnesota has pronounced constitutional the recent legislative enactment in that state against high school fraternities. Minnesota is to be congratulated! She will show in a few years a finer crop of young manhood and womanhood than she could show if these fraternities had not been put under ban.

There was joy in heaven, doubtless, when on the 3rd of last December the leaders of the prohibition party in Indiana and the anti-saloon league forces agreed "to lay aside all political and denominational differences, and everything that might hinder a perfect unity, and in the spirit of Christ, and by the help of God, prayerfully unite in a "common cause," so that they might effectually oppose the great evil, the liquor traffic. On such a platform as this, working unitedly the temperance forces of the Hoosier State have fair promise of realizing their battle-cry—"Indiana a dry state by 1912!"

The Boston Transcript quotes Mayor Taylor of San Francisco as saying, concerning the movement for the consolidation of the cities on San Francisco bay: "Material size is impressive, but no city can be great in size only. If there is no gain morally, we had better stay apart. We need consolidation if we can get better government, if we can stir deeper moralities. Let us not think all the time of the almighty dollar." And then the Transcript adds: "Few cities are so well situated as San Francisco for expansion of the kind proposed, and Oakland and Berkeley might help her to maintain the higher ground which she has now taken." That expresses it exactly! Oakland and Berkeley can help to that end, and they **ought** to help. We emphasize the ought in the case—the obligation. No city liveth unto itself. Especially is this so on San Francisco bay. Interests hereabouts are one and inseparable.

Glancing over a newspaper the other day our eyes fell on what appeared to be the caption, "Football Morality." A second glance showed it to be "Football Mortality." In the opinion of the present writer there is quite a lack of morality in football; there is much more mortality than morality in it. The revision of the rules has reduced somewhat the fatalities. Nevertheless eleven players lost their lives last season. In 1906 seventeen players were killed; in 1905, twenty-one, and in 1904 sixteen. In a game in one of the cities on San Francisco bay a few months ago one young man was so severely injured that he was a raving maniac for hours—rushing for a while over the field, screaming in wildest agony. The present writer never has witnessed a game of football, nor does he expect to while the rules of the game remain as they now are. Our country and the world need the strong young men who are thus sent to untimely graves every year.

Leslie's Weekly remarks: "Incredible though the statement may appear to many, there is excellent authority for the assertion that within the last twelve months the growth of the 'open shop' has far exceeded that of the union shop." It is stated that of the one hundred and twenty-three prominent New England shoe manufacturers comprising the Shoe Manufacturers' Protective Association, only three now use the union label. Leslie's gives the following definition: "The term 'open shop' is used to define an industrial institution open to the employment of workingmen without regard to a membership in any church, secret society, or labor union. The 'closed shop' is a place of employment closed to all free workingmen who do not choose to place themselves under the control of the labor trust."

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes from Amherst, Massachuseets: "Amherst is having much trouble in keeping its ministers. During the past year six have resigned to accept other calls. The principal reason for so many changes is due to the fact that there are too many curches for the church-going population. A generation ago ten Protestant churches might easily be supported in a town of nearly 6,000 inhabitants, but they cannot today." The correspondent adds: "It is a well-known fact that for the last fifty years the percentage of those who feel the need of any church affiliation has been steadily decreasing." We confess to not liking this declaration. It is not in accordance with fact. An hundred years ago only one out of every fourteen of our population was identified with the church. Now the ratio is as one to four. And people feel the need for church affiliation and for that which the church affords as much as ever they did. The London Christian of recent date says: "To the attention of secularist and ethical speakers who have not infrequently urged that Christianity is 'played out,' we commend the noteworthy activities of the Wesleyan Manchester Mission. Now arrived at its majority, it has fifteen active centers of evangelistic effort in that city; its public Sunday services number a total average attendance of 16,000 persons; thirty-three prayer meetings and ten Bible classes are held each week; there are 4,000 scholars in the Sunday-schools; 40,000 persons receive help and advice every week; while in the homes and refuges last year 136,145 beds and 476,505 meals were provided. Such an array of facts certainly ought to appeal to those who are so fluent in regard to the claims of 'brotherhood,' but who profess to be so strongly opposed to all efforts for the spiritual elevation of their brethren."

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THE WINE AND SPIRIT GAZETTE IN A TIRADE AGAINST THE CHURCH.

The Wine and Spirit Gazette of New York is the chief exponent of the liquor interests of the United States. In a recent issue the churches were arraigned in a vituperative editorial, the principal parts of which were as follows:

"The foulest and most brutal infamies of the centuries have been incited by, and enacted through the power of ecclesiastics in control of government.

"Priest and preacher have been the bane of liberty, the obstacle to progress, and the propagators of tyranny and oppression in every form.

"They have never been the leaders in the struggle for liberty, real liberty.

"Thomas Paine did more to plant the seed of liberty that produced revolution and the independence of the colonies than all the preachers of his day combined. In the abolition agitation not one of the orthodox clergy stands in the front rank of the prophets of freedom with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Benj. Lundy and John Brown.

"The foulest governments of the world have always been those under priestly domination and damnation. These satanic elements are working in the name of God to do the behest of hell. It is not for love of truth and purity that they and their women allies have in recent years gone wailing to Washington on various missions of "reform," to protest against the admissions of the adherents of another religion to seats in either house of congress. It has rather been because of the growth of Mormonism in fields that they themselves would occupy.

"They are always the instigators of proscriptive laws. At present, ignoring the example of the founder of Christianity and his personal practice, they are proscribing the use and sale of the wine he used as a perpetual emblem of his redemptive sacrifice. They even do this in his name and with prayers for his aid. They use blasphemies unthinkable and become liars in the name of God. They are no worse than those who mingled prayers with the groans of martyred innocents dying at the stake—and they are no better.

"They ignore evidence, they obscure facts, they deceive, and practice perjury for the sake of their fanatical notions, and, as in Maine, let loose lawlessness and lust, in the name of religion and morality. This is the spirit of the bigot, a new manifestation of medieval tyranny, which for centuries held liberty in chains, and committed the blackest crimes, in the name of Almighty God.

"The church in politics today is as potent a power for evil and as great a menace to liberty as it has ever been. Let the church attend to the ordinances of religion and keep its disturbing hand out of governmental life. No ecclesiastic, as such, should be heard in the halls of legislation. No religious body should have standing before the makers of our laws; they had none with the founder of the Republic. 'Let them render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's'

"They have no more rights and powers in public affairs than other men, and the church should not, and must not overshadow the holy places of equality, the halls of legislation, the chamber of the executive, and the temple of justice. Under the sheep's wool of amiability is the hide of the wolf; and behind the clerical smirk are the fangs of the serpent. They have been granted immunity enough. With vast properties and rich endowments, they pay nothing to the support of the government, the maintenance of its existence, or the enforcement of its authority.

"They are immune from the tax-collector; and the great mass of non-church people help to bear the burdens from which these professional clerical-politico mendicants are released. They cry out against the saloon in politics; but the church in politics has raised more hell a hundredfold than has the saloon; and we appeal to the written records of forty centuries to substantiate our statement.

"'Behold the Kingdom of God is within you,' said the Master. The sermon on the mount and the 13th chapter of Corinthians contain the gist of all true religion. A speedy and amicable return to the early method, a quickstep back to Christ, will help the church and save liberty."

The Pacific has of late given several articles showing the great alarm in the liquor camp over the progress made by the temperance forces. It will be evident from the foregoing quotations that some are becoming desperate. Comment on the editorial in the Wine and Spirit Gazette is unnecessary. We merely recall the old saying, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

A GREAT CONVENTION TO BE HELD.

There will be held in San Francisco, on the 17th, 18th and 19th of March, a convention from which it is hoped great good will result to the state of California. In that meeting will be representatives from all walks and works in life intent on uniting on the best methods for curtailing the liquor traffic. The aim is to make it a voice to which our state will stop and listen, and perhaps yield some obedience. Great commercial interests will be represented there, as will also the labor organizations; all the political parties also, and all the temperance organizations; the churches—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. Among the speakers will be Judge Artman of Indiana, who has done much of late to stir all moral interests to activity against the saloon and the liquor traffic.

This movement has been started by the Mt. Hermon Association, and is by far the most promising of the kind ever inaugurated in California. A surprisingly strong array of forces has already been committed to the movement. We believe that it will register such action next March as will cause all to realize that "Our God is marching on."

The pastors of our churches can do large service now for The Pacific and all that it represents by pushing for new subscriptions at one dollar for the year. It is hoped that this effort to double the list will not be allowed to lag. Now is the accepted time.

The article by the Rev. George H. DeKay on "The Minister in Business" is the main parts of a paper read by him at a recent meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity. In it there are undoubtedly some things which the churches ought to ponder.

THE MINISTER IN BUSINESS.

George H. De Kay.

1. He is there in large numbers. You find him in various lines, but predominating in the real estate and insurance business. And despite the current idea that the minister is not much of a business man, he is probably about as successful as the ordinary man. We are told that not ten per cent of the men who engage in general merchandise business are successful, and not all are so in any line. If years of experience in trying to make one dollar do the work of three, of standing off creditors for lack of ready money, and of denying himself rather than go in debt are any helps to success in business, then the average minister ought to be well trained and able to give references. One minister of my acquaintance has successfully conducted for several years one of the finest fruit and vegetable markets in Los Angeles. Another has gone into the furniture business in a growing town. One bright young fellow obliged on account of nervous trouble to leave his ministry is firing on a Southern Pacific engine. One man in Berkeley is a contractor and builder, and another (who, however, was never more than a licensed preacher) is a plasterer. One who for many years was a quite successful evangelist in the Methodist Episcopal church turned barber for awhile—he had been used to such close shaving for so long that he did very well at it. One of our own men gave up the pastorate to accept a position as a high school teacher, not long since, and another to enter law practice. One of the leading business men of Sacramento is a former Congregational minister, for some years secretary of the Gas and Electric Company. In one of our Western states a few years ago the people called a Congregational minister to represent them in congress, which he did, I believe, for several terms. One minister has been for years a book-canvasser, covering a wide territory for a certain line of publications and earning a good income; another is engaged in San Francisco in connection with the manufacture and sale of a widely-advertised proprietary medicine; another is an architect, while still another is salesman for a wholesale paint house. Quite a number leave the pastorate for the farm, and Rev. E. P. Roe is as famous for his knowledge of small fruit culture as for his "Opening of a Chestnut Burr" or because of "He Fell in Love With His Wife." One minister of my acquaintance is engaged in the breeding of fine cattle. He is the man who labored to convince me that any man on any kind of a salary could save money if he would. I didn't believe him until I heard how he insisted upon taking up the usual morning collection at a funeral service.

One man who retired to the farm went into the dairy business. He sold out to me later, and I can assure anyone who wants relief from nervous strain that there is the place to find it. Also to find other experiences than he ever dreamed of in any other way. I began with fifteen cows and a business of $115 a month. In less than three months I had twenty-six cows, a business of $200 a month, and was working from two o'clock in the morning to seven in the evening seven days in the week, and preaching once every Sunday. My nervous headaches left me entirely. So also did some five hundred dollars that I ran behind in trying to furnish a first-class article at cheap rates.

In this connection I got some good ideas for a sermon on "Bearing One Another's Burdens." Very few people will pay for a really good article when they can buy cheaper, and the man who tries to make a living must not expect many of the people who buy from him to help him do so if they can buy something that looks as good at a lower rate. Anyway, I sold out and came to Berkeley. That brings me now, as it did then, to the real estate business, and here we find a large number of former pastors. At the head of one of the largest firms of this kind in Oakland is a young man who left the ministry of the M. E. church not long ago. Last year we were told there were over twenty ministers in the business here in Berkeley alone.

2. Why is he in business? For various reasons. Sometimes he falls from grace. We know several who have left for this reason. Usually there's a woman in the case.

Sometimes he leaves for theological reasons; he outgrows the beliefs of his early days, or the theories of the old professor who taught him the things of the past; he finds himself unable to reconcile theory and experience, or to successfully work out his own salvation while trying to lead other men to theirs. Or he gets too far ahead of the rank and file in his ideas of what and how the church ought to do and be. One such said to me the other day: "I found myself outgrowing the church, and I left it." His chief complaint was the sociological position of the church, which he says is all wrong.

Sometimes the minister leaves the pastorate because he marries a rich wife. I know one such whose wife made it a condition of the marriage that he should not preach any more. When I told old Brother H. of it he said: "Why, where did she ever hear him preach?"

Once in awhile a man enters the ministry who learns afterward that he is a misfit. He has mistaken his calling and has sense enough to know it without being told so too bluntly by some one else. But sometimes he is the only man in the church who doesn't seem to realize it. As a general thing the minister's wife is his strong support and truly his helpmeet. But it occasionally happens that here lies the cause of his forced retirement—his wife spoils all he tries to do. She runs things too much to suit the other women.

Sometimes a man gets so high up on the ladder that he is unwilling to come down any, and when a change becomes necessary there is nothing quite good enough open for him, and he goes into some kind of business until "a good opening" offers itself.

Poor health sends quite a number of good men out of the pulpit into other lines of work; while still others leave heart-broken from such unjust and unkind treatment as takes all the courage and strength out of them. And this, too, from those whose professions would lead us to expect better things. I helped install one man in a field to which he had been called, with the promise of a good work, and where he did a work that still abides. But within a year from his installation we were called again to settle charges made against him and to advise as to the continuation of the pastorate. We found a deplorable condition of affairs nearly all due to one vindictive woman. The pastor was promptly exonerated and highly commended, but he refused to go on. He could not, for all the spirit was out of him. He went into business there and has been a help to the church in many ways, but never again would he expose himself to such an experience. He is only one of many who have stood at the hands of the church of Christ such slander and unkindness and injustice as becomes unbearable.

But the chief cause for the change from the pulpit to the office is **financial.** He ministers usually not to the rich nor the poor, but to the great middle class who make comfortable livings; to men and women who build good homes, wear good clothes, educate their children well, and do not suffer for any of the necessities of life nor for many of its luxuries. He does his work for less than many common day laborers are receiving, with no possible chance for saving anything against old age, and often with not sufficient for his present needs. Sometimes the church gives him a "donation party"—publicly advertising his needs and calling for charity for him. It is good that this at least is nearly out of date now. When he reaches the point where in response to kindly urging he is willing to send a list of his most pressing household needs to the women of some distant church, he receives in reply a missionary box that sends him to his knees in grateful appreciation. But it is a struggle all the while, and the worry over money matters wears him out. He sees other men going into business that pays them well for their labor, while he is not only underpaid, but the meager salary that he does receive is generally doled out to him in much the manner that he receives the least good from it. The pastor of the large city church receives his salary promptly and regularly, but the common experience of the average minister is to have his salary from two to six months behind, with a strenuous effort at the close of the year to make it up,—an effort frequently made successful by the minister throwing off a considerable percentage as "his share" of the deficit. He is obliged to listen constantly to the discussion of all sorts of schemes for the raising of his salary, and is made to feel most of the time that what he does receive is something he ought to be extremely grateful for.

As he looks around him, also, he sees the younger men from the seminaries given the preference; he finds that if he is pastor in some small field to which he has gone under the urgent plea that such fields must be held and worked, he is overlooked by all the larger churches who are sure he would not be there if he was "a man of the ability required for our important work;" and he hears a good deal of discussion of what to do with the old minister.

Do not blame him for letting go—he has a struggle that is harder and more wearing than the struggle of the average man for his living. And I believe that as a rule he lets go very reluctantly.

Often he stays on long after he has had good offers made to him to go into some good-paying business. Five years before I left my pastorate I was offered the Southern California agency for the one of the oldest and best life insurance companies in the United States, with a guaranteed salary of more than I had ever received as a pastor. I know one who is now doing hard work in a Home Mission field at $900, who two years ago refused a fine business opening.

I received two pitiful letters from old friends in the ministry in this connection. One who has been a sweet preacher and strong friend wrote me that in the twenty-five years of his ministry he had put into the work more than ten thousand dollars that had come to him through inheritance, had accepted cheerfully all the sacrifices of the years, and in the approaching old age was obliged to seek some other way of earning his living. Another, whom we all know as a fine preacher, wrote: "I am glad you have the ability to do something else. As for me, I have been so long at it that I can't do anything else but preach." As a rule it is not the men who have been unsuccessful as ministers who on this account go into business. Their very success as such makes them all the more liable to succeed in business. As I was preparing this paper one said to me, "I never had over $900 salary as a minister, part of the time only $400, and I have made over $2,500 in the six months I have been in business."

3. Can he combine business and the pastorate? We used to hear a good deal about the church giving the ministry a part of the time off for other pursuits as a means of helping to solve the problem of the pulpit supply. I do not think that as a rule the pastorate and business can be combined, and the people receive much good from it. I know one man who for several years carried on a butcher business and at the same time ministered to a small church some miles away. And he no doubt did good, but his preaching was rambling—which is sometimes true, also, of some other preachers. He may combine **preaching** and business, doing good work as supply for churches without pastors, etc., and be of real help. In nine months past I have had but four Sundays in which I have not preached; and the fact that the same churches send for me more than once I take as an indication that my preaching is acceptable.

But the man who tries to be both pastor and business man must neglect one or both. If he does business he must **work**—work in a way that the minister never does. He must **grind**, steadily at it every day, push his business or be pushed, meet competition. For him there is little opportunity for the quiet hours of good reading or for the outing that as a minister he could take almost any time he wished. I know all about the minister's hard work, for I worked as hard as any for seventeen years; but if he is up late at night he can make it up the next morning. If he doesn't feel well he can take it easy for a day or two—his time is his own; but unless he is actually sick, the business man is expected at his desk on time every day.

4. The minister in business learns some good lessons of charity and patience; learns to look at the church and religion from a different standpoint than that of the theologian, and learns, also, how many men there are who, seemingly indifferent to things religious, are yet **deeply** and **truly** religious. The credal differences are chiefly among the clergy, the mass of men care very little about them, but do care for the fundamental principle that the old prophet proclaimed when he said that what the Lord required is to deal justly, to seek mercy and to walk humbly before the Lord.

And if the minister in business returns to the pastorate, as he sometimes does, he must do so with some different views of how and what to preach. He will have patience with the men who do not go to prayer meeting as regularly as the minister does, or do not have much to say when they do go. They have not been preparing for it as he has—their minds have been on other things.

I think it would do most preachers good to go into business for awhile, just to get next to the men as they do not ordinarily do, and learn how little they care, as a rule, for the kind of preaching that occupies a good deal of the attention of some ministers. However, as I am not the professor of homelitics I will not tell you here how to preach. And perhaps, after all, the minister in his study does know best. However, brethren, before you say too much about the Sunday question,

the theater, politics and a few other topics lock up your study door, get out among the men who are up against these questions as you never are and learn how to look at them from their point of view. Then you will know better how to show them yours, which may be the better.

5. And lastly, the minister in business is apt to be neglected by his pastor even more than the other men are. Because he is an ex-pastor it is taken for granted he can get along safely with little attention. He is generally the kindliest critic the preacher has, and often among the leaders in all good works—as he should be.

He misses the fellowship of the ministers' meetings and the Associations; his books call mutely to him from shelves where the dust accumulates on their unused pages; he misses the sense of belonging to someone who looks to him for leadership and help, and he wonders sometimes if **anyone** really **knows** what is the will of the Lord and the real voice of duty.

A LOS ANGELES PRAYER MEETING.

By W. N. Burr, Tulare, Cal.

"I am a Christian Scientist and a traveling man," I heard a gentleman say some time ago; "and I always find the testimony meeting of the Scientists wherever I may happen to be on Wednesday night. Good Christian Scientists never think of such a thing as missing their Wednesday night testimony meeting, even though that evening should find them strangers in a strange land."

A recent Wednesday night found me in Los Angeles. Not to be outdone by the Christian Scientist, I eagerly made my way to the prayer meeting of the First Congregational Church. It was a privilege I could not afford to miss.

One of the deacons—two of them, indeed—gave me a hearty welcome.

"We are to have something a little out of the ordinary tonight," said one of them, with a suggestion of laudable pride in his tone. "The Boys' Brigade is to be chiefly in evidence at the meeting."

The pastor, Dr. William Horace Day, entered the room just then, and in his alert, businesslike way, made his way to the platform and became engaged at once with certain detail duties with one of the officers of the Brigade, and others.

On time, almost to the second, he announced the opening hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." As the chorus was being sung for the last time a military order was heard at the door, and the Brigade, forty strong that night, came marching into the prayer meeting room, and were seated in a body in front seats that had been reserved for them. The pastor offered a brief prayer. One of the older members of the Brigade followed with a brief, manly prayer, in which he confessed his faith by acknowledging that the way by which one may serve his country best is by loyally serving the Lord Jesus Christ. As he closed, the entire Brigade joined in offering the Lord's Prayer.

Certain business matters were then brought before the church, most of it of a character evidencing the interest which is taken by this church in civic affairs. A visiting minister was called upon to go to the platform and offer prayer, and then 2 Kings 22:1 and 2, and 23:1, 2 and 3 was read by pastor and people. It's a bit of the story of the boy-king Josiah, who "did that which was right in the sight of the Lord," and who made a covenant for himself and his people to "walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments and his testimonies and his statutes with all their heart and with all their soul, to perform the words of this covenant that were written in the book."

The pastor then announced the topic of the meeting, "Why Should a Boy be a Christian?" and focused the thought of the people on that vital question by a few introductory remarks. Then, standing at his reading-desk, he gave the meeting into the hands of the people, asking for answers to the question. The prayer spirit was in that room, and before one answer was given a brother led in a brief, earnest petition for a blessing on the boy-life of the nation.

The first speaker made this point: That a **boy** should become a Christian that the **man** he is going to be may be a Christian; and to prove his statements he called upon all who gave themselves to Christ before reaching the age of twenty to rise. A large number immediately rose to their feet.

"Now, how many became avowed Christians between the ages of twenty and thirty?"

A few persons arose.

"How many when over thirty years of age?" asked the pastor.

Five persons arose.

"To be a Christian boy is to be a **manly** boy and a **happy** boy," remarked a gentleman who had the appearance of being both manly and happy himself.

"It is the regret of my life," said another, "that after starting in the Christian life when a boy I fell away. But it is the joy of my life that about four years ago I again gave myself to Christ."

The captain of the Brigade, a young man of twenty-four, with a bit of the Southern accent on his tongue, said he had been greatly influenced by the Christian character of General Robert E. Lee, and of other Christian soldiers, both in the Northern and Southern armies, whose records as religious men he had read with a relish. "There is no mistake about it—the manly men are found in the church of Christ," said he.

The pastor called upon the boys of the Brigade to "show their colors;" and, one after another, most of them, arose and gave a short testimony of delight in the Christian life and of determination to be loyal to Jesus Christ.

The superintendent of the Sunday-school, a manly fellow not so very far away from the days of his own boyhood, spoke earnestly of the power of **habit.** "It is easier for a man to be a Christian if he starts early and gets the **habit,**" said he.

The pastor made a tender appeal to any boys of the Brigade who had not yet given themselves to Christ to think seriously of the importance of building their lives according to the standards of the Master.

A pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation of a valuable sword to the captain of the Brigade This sword, the gift of the Company, was presented by the pastor. In his response the young officer said:

"I thank the boys for this gift; but I want to tell you that I am **more** glad for the ready testimonies for the Captain of our Salvation, Jesus Christ, that I have heard you give tonight."

The pastor called the attention of the church to the illness of the Superintendent of Home Missions, Rev. J. L. Maile, and in response to his request several earnest prayers were offered for the recovery of this beloved brother.

To call such a meeting as this a **prayer** meeting is in no sense a mistake; for the spirit of prayer prevailed all through the hour. At the same time the temper

that is loved by boys was felt from the moment the meeting began. Many ladies were present, but it was a men's meeting, a boys' meeting, a meeting in which the masculine temper was dominant.

"The question has been much asked of late, 'Where are the boys?'" writes the editor of the Advance. And he answers: "Well, unless they are unlike other generations of boys, they can be found somewhere along the trail of their fathers."

But too many of them are not faced right for the noblest living and the greatest usefulness when taking "the trail of their fathers." They must be diverted into the way of following after Him whom God hath highly exalted and given a name that is above every name. The First Church of Los Angeles is evidently bringing this pressure to bear upon some of the boys within its reach. May this church be able to win and to keep many more in the boy world from the power of the evil one!

POMONA.

An Excerpt from an Annual Sermon.

The Rev. George E. Soper took as a text for his recent annual sermon, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." He said in part:

"As I look back over the past four years it seems to me that we have been remarkably fortunate. I am deeply sensible of the fact that I shall never be able to take the place of that saintly and wise and earnest man who was for sixteen years the pastor of this church. Every month in Pomona has increased my respect for him and my gratitude that you had him with you so long. My ways are often blunt and my manner of getting at things void of tact. And yet nothing has occurred to seriously mar the harmony of our relations as pastor and people. I am conscious that this is due in large measure to the fact that this church has never been hypercritical, or over-exacting or in the habit of changing ministers every time they want to meet a difficulty.

When you consider that I have preached from this pulpit nearly four hundred sermons, have been with you at nearly two hundred prayer meetings, and have attended sixty-six funerals, and that it is conceivable that some of the members of this church may have heard me speak on over eight hundred different occasions, it would be more surprising than otherwise if they have not become somewhat tired and ready for change. They are in the position of the Scotch congregation whose pastor boasted that he preached sermons two hours long. Some one asked, 'Do you not get tired?' He replied, 'Oh, no, but you ought to see the people!'

"One minister has trouble because he is too conservative in his theology, another because he is too liberal. One is criticised because he is too pious, another because he is too worldly minded. One man gets into hot water because he has strong convctions on social and political questions and does not hesitate to declare his message; another has trouble because he is not interested in anything outside of his church. One minister meets with trouble because he cannot draw like a porous plaster, another is criticised because he is sensational and gathers the crowds about him. One man is too scholarly, another is always preaching the talk of the streets.

"One man is criticised because he uses manscript, and another because he talks out of an empty barrel. One man has views that are altogether too pronounced, another is too colorless. One man spends too much time in his study poring over musty books, while another is always on the streets or in the homes of other people. One man is found fault with because he calls so little. His visits are like angels, few and far between. One man is criticised because he is stilted and unapproachable, another because he gets down onto a level where familiarity breeds contempt. One man is not spiritual enough in his preaching, another is too searching and too evangelistic.

"With all the view points of five hundred different people the marvel is that a man can be found that any appreciable number can unite on for any length of time. Your pastor must have a remarkably united people; because with all the changes going on about him he has been happily free from criticism. That happy philosopher, David Harum, says that 'a reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog.' A reasonable amount of criticism is good for a minister. It keeps him humble. He is not so likely to get puffed up with pride and conceit. If people would more frequently remember that the minister is the shepherd of a large flock and that he is trying conscientiously to feed the lambs and the sick and aged as well as the husky young sheep the edge of their criticism would be dulled. Most of us go on the principle that what suits us suits everybody else. But that is not so. The sermon that fails to interest or help one man may be the very thing needed by another.

"I am greeted sometimes by a colored gentleman with 'Good morning, Parson!' The parson of early days in the South and in New England has passed away. The minister no longer holds the place of 'the person' or parson. In the early day, when he was the only educated man in the community, he was properly so designated. But today there are scores of men who are better educated along lines of history, science, agriculture, finance than he. And yet the minister holds his place because he is ministering in the name of Christ with the authority of a specialist, because of his fitness and training in a particular department of human need.

"He must know the spiritual needs of men; he must know how to bring forth out of his own experience and out of the study of religious history of the world that which will feed and encourage and inspire as well as rebuke and condemn men for their deliberate choice of evil.

"The minister must have time for study. He must look after the sick and the stranger and the aged. Those who are well and strong should be glad for him to spend his strength where he can do good. He must not come to his pulpit and give his people the vaporings of a tired mind. All the arts of persuasive speech cannot in the long run take the place of careful study and systematic preparation. Few people understand the tremendous strain of preparing two sermons a week for forty-eight weeks of each year with all the other calls and demands upon a minister's time and strength. No man can be at his best in the pulpit if his strength is dissipated by worry and perplexity and unjust and unfair criticism.

"The teacher in the secular school is working for brain development. The teacher in the Sunday-school and in the pulpit is working for character development. To be most effective he must know his people. He cannot evolve from his inner consciousness all the spiritual doubts and perplexities and fears of his peo-

ple. He must not only know his flock, but he must know his field and all the hungry wolves that prey upon his flock. He must be able to know the wolves when they are dressed in sheep's clothing and give warning. He must be a shepherd as well as a teacher. The heart of the true pastor yearns to know his people But he can do little more than to stand at the door and knock as the Good Shepherd did. He cannot force his way into the confidence of his people. He must wait sometimes until trouble comes and then the door that was shut so tight is sometimes swung wide open. This is the advantage of a long pastorate. The sixty-six funerals that I have been called upon to attend have brought me into very close and loving fellowship with almost as many homes. It takes time to get some people to speak frankly and openly about their inner hopes and fears and ideals and convictions.

"The Christian minister must be impartial. He must know no rich and no poor, no saint and no sinner, no male or female, no nationality, section, or social standing. He can often hold his place of standing with a few influential people, but he cannot so hold his self-respect. They must be all one to him, as all children must be one in the home. He must take people as he finds them, without blame or criticism, and do the best he can for them. He must be all things to all men that by all means he may win some into the Christian way of thinking and feeling and conduct. He is pained and grieved and cut to the heart as he finds his people spoiling their tempers, wasting their opportunities, dissipating their energies and wrecking their faith by going away from their Father's house.

"But the hardest task of the minister is a personal one. To keep himself in that spiritual attitude where he can hear the faintest whisper of duty; to keep himself so full of the Spirit of God and the Spirit of Christ that envy, jealousy, rivalry, resentment, sham can find no place to get in; to keep himself where he can always be just and fair, and kind. This is his hardest task. To be able to speak upon all questions, without fear or favor and yet with care, so as not to hurt the feelings of those who do not see things as he does; to see only his Master, when he speaks and not the face of some man or woman whose favor he would like to have; to serve not as a man pleaser or a woman pleaser, but as a one who intends to do the right without needlessly antagonizing those who have not come to his view point; to be a daily inspiration to all those who come in touch with him in the church and outside the church, the children, the youth, the middle aged and the aged is the aim of the true minister of Christ. That he often fails is a source of grief and humiliation and pain. That it is the aim of his people to aid him in every reasonable and right way in making their church a center of helpfulness is the thing that cheers his heart and nerves his hand with new courage. I have dared to speak to you this morning as I could not have done four years ago, or even one year ago.

"The success of the past year was possible because there were so many of the officers and members who stood ready to do all that lay in their power to help. Jesus said to his chosen apostles: 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit.' He chose them not as honorary members of his official board, not as ornamental attachments to fill in, but for service. Every man was picked because of some special fitness to fill some real need. So we can say to the new officers of this church: 'You have not chosen me. but I have chosen you and ordained you, that you should go and bring forth fruit." . . . You did not ask your friends to vote for you. You did not pull any political wires in order to get the office. The church chose you because of some special fitness which you possess. The success of this church during this coming year, humanly speaking, will depend upon the fidelity, loyalty, enthusiasm of its officers. If we do our work in a coreless or perfunctory or half-hearted manner, as though it were a matter of small importance, then results will be comparatively small. We are engaged in the greatest work that ever commanded the heart or head or hand of man. Work in which angels would like to join, but are not permitted.

"The three hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Harvard was observed November 26th, 1907, in Memorial Hall, Harvard University. John Harvard was a Congregational minister at Charlestown. He came from England to this charge in 1637 and died only a year later at the age of thirty-seven years. He left no writings and hardly anything is known of him except that he planted the seed out of which grew this great university. A few months before he came the general court of the colony voted $20,000 to establish a school of higher learning. Young Harvard willed this prospective school $20,000 and his library of 260 volumes. The general court appreciated his gift so much that it voted that the college should bear his name. Compared with the present endowment and enormous library his gift was not much greater than that of the 'widow's mite.' President Eliot said on this occasion that 'the memorial of John Harvard is a living memorial—the 13,000 living men now at work in the world who have received their degrees from the university.' So the memorial of this church is a living one—not alone the 550 members, but the larger number who have gone out to form Pomona College and the thriving church of Claremont, and the churches of Los Angeles, Southern California, which have been vitalized by the reception of men and women who have here received their training and inspiration for Christian living and service, and those also who have gone on before, are they not alive and interested in our work? These living members who are engaged in the world's work in the Pilgrim spirit are our memorial—an Ebeneezer of strong help. Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

SACRAMENTO.

The Spirit of the New Pastorate.

The Pacific made mention several weeks ago of the entrance on the work at Sacramento of the Rev. Dr. Temple, who was for nearly ten years the beloved pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle. After being with the church at Sacramento two weeks Dr. Temple accepted its call. In his letter of acceptance he said:

"Since my coming to you I have been increasingly impressed with the growing influence of your city, and of the great opportunity in this church for a vigorous and inspiring work. You have had noble pastors in years gone by, and you have loved and co-operated with them. I want to pay a special tribute to the good work done by your retiring pastor. He came at a time of discouragement, and has filled you with hope and courage, beside doing a noble work among you. His going was not of your choice or his, but in answer to the mysterious providence of God. Your love for

him has deeply moved me. It has, I believe, paved the way for a similar love for, and loyalty to, his successor.

I have been particularly impressed by your optimism. It is this coast characteristic which has always captivated me. Your action in regard to the material provision of the new pastorate, now spread upon your books, has shown a heroic element which always determines aggressive work. I should feel unwilling to be the cause of it, were it not that I have the privilege of sharing with you its results. Where there is mutual concession there can be no criticism. You and I believe there can be done here a great work for God and his kingdom; and that it can only be accomplished by the heartiest and most industrious co-operation. You are my parish; you must also be my force. If I lovingly lead, I have a right to expect that you will lovingly follow. That is what shepherding a flock means. But I have another office to fill—I am to be your minister. That indicates that I am to serve you. Hence I assure you that whatever powers are at my disposal shall be devoted to the highest interests of this church.

"The gospel I shall preach will be a gospel of good cheer, unclouded hope, burning enthusiasm and downright hard work. You must respond in a like spirit There is not a service connected with the pastorate which is not inviting to me; therefore you may always call upon me for help in any direction. I come to do a spiritual, not a spectacular work, and therefore will depend entirely upon the Spirit of God for leadership."

A SUNDAY AT FRESNO.

The editor of The Pacific spent Sunday at Fresno as the guest of the Rev. C. N. Queen, and gave the pastor a little rest from pulpit work by speaking in the church, both morning and evening.

All the Congregational work in Fresno is in an encouraging condition. In the several Congregational churches in that city more people worship Sunday after Sunday than in the churches of any other denomination. There are four Congregational churches in Fresno; one English, two German, and one Armenian. In addition there is a Japanese mission of sixteen members, which is a branch of the First Church. The two German churches have a membership numbering nearly 500; the Armenian has about 100, and the First Church, the English one, has 145, not counting the members of the Japanese mission. It is expected that from twelve to fifteen new members will be welcomed into fellowship next Sunday. The Armenian church, of which the Rev. H. K. Santikian is pastor, expects also to receive quite a number at its next communion service. They worship yet in a hall, but have well located lots, worth several thousand dollars, on which to build, and are hoping and praying that the way will be clear for them to go ahead soon and erect the needed building.

A great need of the First Church also is a new building; and taking into consideration the field of that church, it, in our opinion, should be a building in which there could be a reading room open all day and in the evening; clubrooms for boys, and other up-to-date features. Since Mr. Queen took charge a little more than a year ago the membership of the church has increased from 90 to 145; and the Sunday-school has had quite a remarkable growth. All in all, the church has been doing an excellent work; but a new building, such as would meet thoroughly the requirements of the field, would place it at once where it could move forward to a far greater service and influence.

It was a pleasure to attend on Sunday afternoon the meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Armenian church. Not having seen Mr. Santikian for some time, and there being in memory no picture of his appearance, we supposed that the young man who lead the meeting was the pastor, so earnestly and so fluently did he speak on the topic. When later another young man arose and spoke so admirably he was taken to be the pastor. Later it transpired that the one who gave the closing prayer at the meeting was the beloved and successful pastor—Mr. Hohannes K. Santikian. A noticeable thing at this Christian Endeavor meeting was the large number of young men in attendance; and they were fine-looking young men.

We shall remember a long time with pleasure the Sunday in Fresno. In the home of the pastor of the First Church was found manifestation of the attachment which all who are privileged to attend Pomona College have for that educational institution. The oldest son, Mr. Stuart Queen, is a sophomore at Pomona, and that he appreciates the advantages there afforded goes without saying.

One of the results of the visit at Fresno was that the subscription list of The Pacific in the First Church was more than doubled.

A CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

"As unto the bow the cord is
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"

Two well-known Congregational families were more closely linked together when on Monday, December the 30th, 1907, Mr. William B. Greeley, superintendent of the Mt. Whitney Forest Reservation, and Miss Gertrude M. Jewett, of Berkeley, were united in marriage. Mr. Greeley is the son of the Rev. F. N. Greeley, widely known and beloved in our California Congregationalism; and the bride is a daughter of the Rev. H. E. Jewett, for many years prominently identified in various ways with Congregationalism in California. The marriage ceremony was performed by the fathers of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Greeley have gone East, where they will visit relatives of the two families, and where Mr. Greeley is under engagement for a course of twenty lectures on Forestry—at the Forestry School in Yale University.

"O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth,
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!"

Mr. and Mrs. Greeley are graduates of the University of California, and well fitted by inheritance and training to act well their part in life. Mrs. Greeley is a granddaughter of the Rev. Dr. Dwinell, of pioneer Congregational service and fame.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

The meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be held next Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Brown, at 322 Twenty-second street, in Oakland, the ministers being at that time the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and taking lunch with

them in their home. The paper will be given by the Rev. J. D. Foster of Berkeley. Mr. Brown's residence is one block from the Key Route station at Broadway and Twenty-second street. Persons going from San Francisco should take the Oakland division and get off at the Key Route Inn. Persons taking or transfering to cars on Broadway should get off at Twenty-second street and go one block east.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Eureka.—The pastor is preaching a series of evening sermons on the theme, "The Church of Jesus Christ." The topics are: "Jesus and the Church;" "The Church of the Past;" "The Church of Today;" "The Why and Wherefore of Church Membership." A movement for the purchase of property for a parsonage has been inaugurated. The next meeting of the Humboldt Association will be held in Eureka.

Ceres.—Sunday, December 29th, was a day of special interest to the Smyrna Park church. This was the last Sabbath in the old chapel that has sheltered them from the beginning of their church life, four and a half years ago. Next Sabbath they expect to gather in their new and beautiful church for which they have been working and sacrificing so freely. In the morning Rev. L. D. Rathbone of the Home Missionary Society being with us gave an inspiring sermon on the subject of "Enlarged Opportunity;" text, 1 Cor. 16:9—"For a great door and effectual is opened unto me." In the afternoon the people gathered again for a special farewell service in which all were invited to take part. One very touching feature was the part that the children of Junior Endeavor Society took in the meeting with their simple, earnest prayers and their songs of praise. Mr. Amos Hiat, superintendent of the Sunday-school and a faithful member of the building committee, spoke with enthusiasm and joy of the prospect that is before us in our new church. Others spoke of the greatness of the responsibility that will rest upon us. With many of the speakers there was plainly to be seen a note of sorrow at the thought of leaving a place so full of precious memories. The clerk gave a brief summary of some of the memorable days that the chapel has witnessed, including its raising and preparation for the first service in two days's time. The Thanksgiving dinners, where the whole church met as one family; the day when fourteen members were added to its roll. The year of sadness when within a little over twelve months five of our number were laid away in the grave, including our late pastor, Rev. Clinton Douglas and Rev. W. T. Williams, who for some months after Mr. Douglas' death was acting pastor. Also this last year of renewed courage and vigorous effort with Rev. Dennis Goodsell, the man of our united choice as pastor and with the work of our new church building so happily carried on and so nearly completed.

WASHINGTON.

Leavenworth, Washington.—The Congregational church of this place prior to the coming of Rev. Chas. F. Bloomquist was pastorless for some time, and the condition of the church in all its departments was so depleted that the outlook was anything but encouraging. Under his leadership the work has essentially improved. Superintendent Scudder, realizing the benefit to accrue from evangelistic efforts, sent State Evangelist Reid at the beginning of the month, who conducted an eight-days' mission. The meetings were well attended and productive of much good. At the communion of the Lord's Supper the closing day of the mission, seven were received into membership, and more will join later. Leavenworth is a division point on the Great Northern railroad, and there is also a big sawmill, which employs many hands. It is an energetic and growing town, and our church has an opportunity of doing much good.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT FOR WHITMAN COLLEGE.

Plans to Make Whitman the Leading College of the Northwest.

Plans have been laid to raise $1,500,000 for endowment and $600,000 for buildings.

A meeting of the trustees of the college and the business men of Walla Walla, about forty in all, discussed a plan laid before them by President Penrose and Professor Hendrick, looking toward the enlargement of the work of the institution. The plans in detail are not yet ready for publication; this meeting was to get Walla Walla more thoroughly behind the college.

The plan is to make Whitman College the great representative college of the Northwest, but at the same time to keep it distinctively a college and not to try to develop it into a university. To accomplish this in only a moderate way the above sums will be required, and they will be raised within the next two years.

Professor A. W. Hendrick presented each guest with a carefully prepared typewritten statement of the standing of Whitman college today as respects its courses of study, its standard of work, attendance, receipts and expenditures, assets and liabilities, resources and invested funds. The name of each guest had been printed on the cover and the document constituted a complete and official statement of the present development of the institution. There was also appended a list of donors of $500 or more during the past thirteen years.

He then spoke at length on the figures submitted. Whitman at present offers a total of 227 semester courses, with 675 hours of instruction per week, of which 128 hours is required for graduation. The college has grown from a freshman class of 4 in 1894 to 75 in 1907. The receipts of the college have risen from $23,000 in 1898 to $69,000 in 1907. There have been 70 donors to the college of $500 or over, ranging up to $163,000 from Dr. D. K. Pearsons of Chicago, the largest individual benefactor of the college. He showed that Whitman College is recognized by the best educators throughout the country as furnishing an education of the highest type. Graduates of Whitman College are accepted as candidates for the masters' degrees in one year in any American university. Undergraduates have transferred without loss of standing from Whitman to Michigan, Stanford, Smith and Amherst. He went carefully into the details of the college finances and management to give the business men present an intimate acquaintance with the affairs of the

college from every point of view. He showed the rapid growth of the college in recent years, despite the very inadequate endowment and very meagre salaries to instructors.

President Penrose spoke on "What We Hope to Make of Whitman College." He said it can still be a small college and have an enrollment of 400 like Williams, or even 1,400 like Yale in the college department; it can have an academy connected with it of the present size; it can have a conservatory of music with 800 students, like Oberlin; it can have a school of technology, comprising schools of civil engineering, mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, hydraulic engineering and mining engineering. But no one of these must be started until there is sufficient equipment and endowment provided to be able to do work of the highest quality, such as is done in the East by Cornell or Massachusetts Institute of Technology. We may have an art school, a school of forestry and irrigation, and a school of commerce and banking without breaking away from the legitimate work of a college as distinguished from a university.

In answer to the question, "What would this involve financially?" he said it would require two science buildings at $100,000 each, three additional dormitories at $50,000; a chapel, $5,000; a conservatory of music building, $75,000; an academy building, $50,000; an art building, $50,000, making a total for new buildings of $650,000.

The largest endowment possible to be for five science departments, $100,000 each; a library fund of at least $100,000; twenty professorships at $30,000 each $600,000, making a total needed for new endowment of $1,200,000. In addition to the present endowment of about $250,000 this would make a total of $1,500,000 as a permanent endowment for the college. President Penrose demonstrated that this aggregate was not asking for anything unnecessary, and that it would still leave Whitman as a comparatively small college and not a university.

At a special meeting of the board of trustees, which was held in the Memorial building in the morning, important action was taken looking toward the further undenominationalism of the college. With the approval of the Congregational Educational Society, the board of trustees voted to free the college from direct Congregational control, making it broadly Christian but in no sense denominational. In the past a majority of the members of the board have been required to be Congregationalists. This will be no longer required.

This will enable the college to be the beneficiary of the Carnegie foundation and pension fund. The exact requirements for trustees under the new plan is not yet known, but a plan has been submitted to the Carnegie foundation trustees for their approval.

JOTTINGS.

"Apples of Gold in Baskets of Silver."

Such says the Old Testament wisdom, are "words fitly spoken." The quotation is from the Revised version, and the word "baskets" is a notable improvement, both for accuracy and for sense, upon the old reading

I visited, not long ago, a pastor who cares for two flocks, preaching to one of them on Sunday morning, to the other in the evening. It was his unsought invitation which took me there, or I should never have gone. And when I got there I found a welcome such as his self-prompted invitation would suggest. I found him, furthermore, just as much in earnest that I should make an effective plea for means for our mission, as he could have been if I were to plead for the prompt payment of his salary or for an increase of it. The field is reputed to be a hard one. Many ministers have tried it, and only one, as far as I remember, ever stayed there more than two years, and few as long as that. As I rode with him on Sunday morning to the out-station I overheard him talking to the Christian brother who was driving, about going to a distant part of the state and inviting this brother to accompany him. I used his morning appointment according to his desire, and was surprised, as well as gladdened, by a response amounting to about $25. Yet, I really felt troubled about it, querying in my heart: "Does all that mean just so much less for him?" But he was delighted, almost triumphant. And when in the evening at his home appointment the offering was less, he said: "Leave it to me; I want you to get more than that."

Yet that man, in the morning, was discouraged, and was thinking, evidently, of following the example of others and making a speedy departure. There was a little informal gathering of the workers of that church after the evening service, and he did not reach the parsonage till a half-hour after my return. But he came brightened in face and manner; came evidently disposed to settle down and stay; came with plans in his mind and on his heart for aggressive Christian work, telling of them with courage and good cheer in every tone, as if really the harvest song were already on his tongue. He said nothing about the cause or reason for this change. But I knew it beyond the possibility of mistake. At that little informal gathering words were "fitly spoken;" words of appreciation, of budding affection on the part of his flock; words that convinced him that he was not to labor alone; that his hands would be upheld by the Aarons and the Hurs—particularly, I imagine, by the **Hers.** I venture to believe that those words will be for him the source, under the dear Spirit who caused them to be spoken, of better preaching, better social influence, better shepherding along all lines. If people only knew this secret of getting and keeping a good pastor, how much more fruitful many a church would be!

"Pilgrim Sunday."

Sunday, December 22nd, was the 287th anniversary of the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers. How many of our pastors remembered this? How many made note of it? Twenty years ago, or more, the General Association of California, before the organization of the Southern General Association, passed a resolution recommending to the churches that the Sunday preceding December 22nd in each year be observed as "Pilgrim Sunday," and that it be used to recall to recollection the hero-band who made the tiny Mayflower the cradle of a new-born nation—of "a church without a bishop and a state without a king." It was also recommended that the church polity which they went to erect, and the half of them to speedy death in order to maintain, should be explained and advocated—a polity of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" in the membership of each local church, and in the relation of the churches to each other; and, finally, that on that day the churches make their annual offering for the only missionary society which then bore our name—"The Congregational Union," now "The Congregational Church Building Society."

In due time it fell to my lot as one of the editors of The Pacific and the representative for California of the "Union," to remind the pastors of this recommendation and to invite them to send for publication brief abstracts of their sermons. It worked well. The day was observed; the offerings were made, and the abstracts sent were sufficient to flood The Pacific for a month. Somewhat laboriously, however, the abstracts were compressed into four or five columns and made to be quite readable. But after a few years the action of the Association was forgotten, and Pilgrim Sunday fell into desuetude, Bethany church, in San Francisco, alone continuing to observe it down to three years ago, and possibly even to this day.

Perhaps Christmas as a near neighbor was too much for its humble companion, though in order to be certain that conflict be avoided, the day recommended was the Sunday **preceding** December 22nd. The author of these jottings is bold to think and to say that it would have been a good and helpful thing if the Association's action had been kept in mind and Pilgrim Sunday had become among us a permanent institution —W. C. P.

The Home.

THE TRUE AND UNTRUE.

He was a dog,
  But he stayed at home
    And guarded the family night and day.
He was a dog,
  That didn't roam.
    He lay on te porch or chased the stray—
    The tramp, the burglar, the hen away;
    For a dog's true heart for that household beat,
    At morning and evening, in cold and heat,
He was a dog,

He was a man.
  And didn't stay
    To cherish his wife and his children fair.
He was a man.
    His heart grew callous, its love beats rare.
    He thought of himself at the close of day
    And, cigar in his fingers, hurried away
    To the club, the lodge, the store, the show,
    But he had a right to go, you know,
He was a man.

F. E. Townsley.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Early Companionship.

Mothers are every day becoming more and more impressed with the importance of intimate companionship between themselves and their daughters. During the first few years of its life a child is of necessity closely associated with its mother, because it is constantly in need of assistance from her. The required aid may be simply the tying up of a wounded finger, the kissing away of a bruise or the mending of a broken toy, but the case is nevertheless of importance to the little one, and nobody can perform such small offices quite so satisfactorily as the mother. Money may purchase similar attentions from servants, but somehow they never seem to understand the most pleasing way of soothing the griefs and smoothing away the difficulties of their little charges.

It is while the mother is thus necessary to the comfort and happiness of her daughter that she must lay the foundations for the confidence and companionship of future years. At this early age a girl's mind and affections are so plastic that they are easily swayed by passing influences. Ideas come and go quickly, and while some are retained, others disappear into the forgotten past. The mother who rules wisely as well as lovingly knows that she must bring her influence to bear on the young mind, so that it may learn to separate the good ideas from the harmful ones, as a farmer winnows the wheat from the chaff. The girl is to a certain extent endowed with the power to act independently of surrounding circumstances, but the influence of early life upon her character are both strong and lasting. A grown person of the most refined sensibilities is likely to unconsciously imbibe something of grossness from constant contact with immorality, and it is, therefore, to be expected that the tender mind of a child will become blackened by similar surroundings.

But if the mother is the daughter's daily companion, there is little danger of such contamination. All her energies will be bent toward making the young life pure and beautiful without and within. She will see that no idle gossip is repeated in the girl's hearing, and that all conversation of a questionable nature is kept from her ears. A few years ago a wise and prudent mother in Washington society gave a gentle, but telling, rebuke to a number of ladies who were grouped in one of the parlors of a famous hotel in that city. There had been much sprightly conversation, and witty remarks had been answered in the same spirit. Finally some one mentioned the name of a woman who was noted for her beauty and grace of person. There was a lull in the conversation, and general attention was turned to the speaker, who with shrugs and smiles began to repeat a scandal which involved the woman's name. The mother, who was one of the group, quietly turned to a number of young girls near by and, catching her daughter's eye, said in a distinct voice, "My dear, you will please go to your room immediately." The girl arose and left the apartment, and in the profound silence which ensued the narrator failed to finish the story. It was a little thing, but full of meaning, and every woman present knew that there was at least one mother who was endeavoring to keep her daughter's mind unsullied. This incident also afforded a striking example of prompt obedience to parental authority. That mother had evidently been a companion, friend and adviser whose superiority and right to command were fully respected by the daughter.

There is an ancient Greek proverb which says, "Give your child to be educated by a slave, and instead of one slave you will have two." The mother who has her children's highest welfare at heart will carefully consider the significance of these words and will herself be the chief teacher and most intimate companion of her daughter. She is, whether she wills it or not, the model by which the daughter will mould her own life. Her example will be instictively copied and exaggerated If she allows herself to display fits of ill-temper, the child will go farther and give way to violent outbursts of anger accompanied by a flow of words that will fall from her lips with the sweep of a cyclone. The mother

may expostulate, but her reasoning and commands will be of no avail, because her example is more powerful than speech, and the child will follow it with startling exactness. It does seem so easy to be wicked, and so hard to be good! Evil comes as swiftly as lightning and as gently as a fall of dew; but good must be sought for continually, with weeping and prayer, with despair over many falls and only a hope for ultimate success. If mothers could be brought to realize the power that lies within them to instruct and guide the young, how many heart-aches and failures would be avoided.

A wise mother's companionship is of the greatest importance in strengthening her daughter's character, since it brings out the good points of the expanding nature as nothing else will. The mother has the child's good so fully at heart that she works unflaggingly, expecting and hoping for no reward but ultimate success in her endeavors. She educates and instructs from her knowledge of human nature. "Man is the brain, but woman is the heart of humanity, he its judgment, she its feeling; he its strength, she its grace, ornament and solace. Even the understanding of the best woman seems to work mainly through her affections. And thus, though man may direct the intellect, woman cultivates the feelings, which mainly determine the character. While he fills the memory she occupies the heart. She makes us love, while he can only make us believe, and it is chiefly through her that we are enabled to arrive at virtue."

The sensible mother will listen to all her daughter's confidences with sympathetic attention, encouraging a little here, perhaps reproving there, advising in all things, and pointing out the danger while also showing the hopeful side. Youth is prone to exaggerate both pleasure and disappointment, and the mother, with her greater worldly wisdom, can show how far the boundary of truth has been passed in either direction. Influence over the young cannot, however, be attained suddenly, but only by years of patience. A casual observer is apt to suppose that motherhood confers this influence and gains the confidence of children, but it does not. Its dignity, sufferings and sacrifices merit the attainment of such power, but every student of humanity knows that only by extending and winning perfect confidence can a mother hope to properly govern her daughter. She must begin before the child has formed other and stronger attachments, and she must see that no other person comes between her and her daughter's heart. In this way she can make her influence paramount in all things; and when that step has been attained, she may well feel assured of her supremacy, since confidence once gained is not easily lost. Longfellow has embodied this idea in those beautiful lines:

> "I shot an arrow in the air,
> It fell to earth, I knew not where;
> I breathed a song into the air,
> It fell to earth, I knew not where;
> Long, long afterwards, in an oak
> I found the arrow, still unbroke;
> And the song, from beginning to end,
> I found again in the heart of a friend."

A mother has the privilege and the opportunity to obtain such a strong hold upon the heart and life of her daughter by daily companionship with her, that it should be impossible for another to usurp her rights. Secure in this, she can with patience and tact plan the girl's future and help her to fulfill her destiny. The child must not be allowed to drift along like a leaf on the bosom of a river, whence it may sink to the bottom or may reach some safe corner of the shore, according to the caprice of wind and current. The companionship of the mother is worth little if she has not sufficient worldly wisdom and experience to advise, to encourage, and to point out the difficulties which beset the path of a young maiden.

As her daughter's watchful friend, the mother must see that those traits which go toward making a fine character are cultivated to the highest degree possible. The girl must be taught to care for her person in an intelligent manner, to improve her looks and to enhance her every grace. Her bathing must be regulated by a careful consideration of her physical condition and requirements, that her health may be perfect, her skin clear, her eyes bright and her step elastic.

This elder companion must also instruct herself regarding all forms of exercise, so she can teach the younger one to expand her lungs, develop her muscles and gain suppleness of limb in the pleasantest and most healthful manner. In her earlier years a girl may run and jump and exercise in every way that will add to her strength and beauty. She must be taught how to properly care for her hands, her complexion, her hair and her teeth. The day has passed when a woman was considered vain who had a reasonable regard for her personal appearance, such regard being now rightly looked upon in the light of a duty; and it is expected that the mother will thoroughly understand all the best toilet methods and will instruct her daughter in them.

If a girl's hands are rough and red, she should be informed what will make them smooth and white. If there are eruptions on her face, she should be taught what will most speedily remove them. If her hair is thin and harsh, the mother should be able to tell what will thicken and soften it. The girl must be thoroughly instructed in sewing and cooking and in the principles of true economy, and she must be impressed with the importance of neatness in her person, in her dress and in her room.

Patience and perseverance must be diligently cultivated in the young, for no great work has ever been accomplished without these two important traits. The Bible contains many warnings against the heedlessness and hot-headed impetuosity of immaturity, and if a girl grows impatient and longs to try her powers in other ways, the mother should commend for her earnest consideration those grandly simple words in the first chapter of St. James, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." A little reflection will reveal the full force and meaning of this admonition.

As the elder companion values the happiness of the younger, let her emphasize the evils of impatience, for youth wastes much time and energy in battling against delays, and sheds many bitter but unavailing tears because all desires cannot be attained at once. A stern lesson in patience will save many heart-throbs of anguish and many tears. It is one of the saddest things in human nature that we must all suffer so much before we can school ourselves to resignation and patience. How fortunate it would be if a mother could, like a beneficent fairy, bestow these qualities at will upon those she loves. She would then be able to place in her daughter's hand a key to happiness that seldom comes save with age or suffering.

The companionship between mother and daughter offers such a fruitful field for sympathy, instruction and advice, that the mother may well be satisfied if she thoroughly discharges her duty within its limits. She

will find that, "instead of needing a larger field, she has left untilled many corners of her single acre, and that none of it would be fit for the Master's eye, were it not for the softening shadow of the cross."

—M. C. Murray.

Young People.

ON GUARD.

Something brave within you, boys,
Bids you manly be
When Sir Tempter's army comes
To make you bend the knee.
Sir Conscience is a nobleman,
Who'll guard you safe, if any can.

Something wise within you, boys,
Bids you watchful be,
When Sir Pride would lock your heart,
And throw away the key.
It's better, boys, to keep Sir Pride
With all his saucy men outside.

Something true within you, boys,
Bids you honest be,
When old Sir Untruth would try
Your deepest thoughts to see.
I'd listen, boys, if I were you
To open-hearted Captain True.

—F. Walcott Hutt.

A JUNGLE STORY.

By Elizabeth Preston Allan.

The last tap of the bell was still vibrating in the air, when two red-faced boys sprang up the schoolhouse steps and broke into Mr. Fletcher's room as if Comanches were after them. A stranger would certainly have expected some thrilling tale of adventure to follow such an advent; but as Mr. Fletcher did not even raise his head from finding the roll of boy-names in his little note-book, I suppose he was accustomed to this mode of entrance.

"There! what did I tell you?" panted red-faced Teddy Weaver to the equally red-faced Alec Fiskin; "I told you I'd get here before the W's were called—didn't I? Now, where's my chewing gum?"

A smothered snicker from the boys around accompanied the very reluctant transfer of a grimy stick of "Rhodes' Best" from Alec's pocket to Teddy's. The look on Alec's face as he parted with the precious commodity would at any other time have raised a roar of laughter among the boys; but Mr. Fletcher was already on his feet, and roll call was about to begin There was no sign that the teacher had seen the transaction; certainly there was no sign that he shared the boys' amusement, for he looked particularly grave—and yet Mr. Fletcher was a great hand for guying the boys and laughing at and with them.

Morning prayers followed roll call, and then came fifteen minutes that the boys liked so well they had been known to say it was almost as good as not being in school at all. It was the time Mr. Fletcher took for telling them something of what he called "current events;" that is, what he had gotten out of the newspapers the day before. But today his big "Daily" lay on the platform at his feet, and he seemed to have something else on his mind.

"Boys," he said, after a minute's silence, "I want to tell you a jungle story today." There was a murmur of approval through the school. "But, to be honest with you," continued the teacher, "my story has much less jungle and much more truth in it than those of your princely story tellers, Kipling and Seton-Thompson." Still the boys did not look discouraged, and Mr. Fletcher kept on:

"There came out of the jungle into my town, when I was a boy, a beautiful, glittering serpent, whose name we boys did not know. Our mothers, indeed, and some others, said it was a young boaconstrictor; but the men that hung about the streets, whom we boys thought very wise, laughed at the idea. They said this little snake was perfectly harmless, never grew any bigger, that of course women and preachers (and they sneered when they spoke of preachers) were afraid of it; but we boys, if we were the right sort of boys, could fool with it as much as we pleased without being hurt.

"I believed what these men said, and I fretted a good deal that my mother made a point of my having nothing to do with this interesting visitor from the jungle; but in my heart of hearts I knew that my mother was worth all the other people in the world—to me—and so I obeyed her command, and let the thing alone. Ah, boys!"—and here Mr. Fletcher's v—oice got a little husky—"blessed is the boy who has that sort of mother, and knows it. Well, a friend of mine whom I will call Casper was very fond of the little snake (for it was a little one when it first came among us), and he was always playing with it. But I must make my story short—first for your sakes, because you have your lessons to learn, and then for mine, because it makes me unhappy to remember these things. In short. the jungle visitor was a boaconstrictor. And it grew faster than anything you ever imagined. Casper found out too late its terrible power over him; when he wanted to escape he could not—no, not though we all tried to help him. The deadly thing was wound so tight around his limbs that no human power could wrench it away."

Mr. Fletcher had turned rather pale, and his forehead was damp, as if he were making himself do some hard thing in telling this story. "This is a sad story, boys," he said, "but it is a true one, so true that several hearts are breaking under it. Perhaps you guess what I mean; that boaconstrictor was the spirit of gambling! and when I see a boy bet another boy anything—even a piece of chewing gum"—Mr. Fletcher turned to Teddy and Alec with a sort of smile—"I am bound to tell him that he is playing with a boaconstrictor. It may be a very little one, but God only knows how fast it grows, and how strong it grows, and how cruel it is Ah, boys! I met my poor friend on the street yesterday, and he clutched me by the arm and said out loud, there on the public street: 'Fletcher, take me home and lock me up, and see if you can't save me from this gambling devil that is destroying me!'"

There was not a sound in the schoolroom; you might have heard a pin drop, till Mr. Fletcher gave himself a shake, as if he must get rid of some painful thought, and said: "Well, boys, it will be a long time before I tell you as grisly a story as this again. First class in history, come forward!"

Then every boy in school saw one little chapped red hand fumbling for another one very much like

itself, and a grimy piece of chewing gum changed back to its original owner; but nobody laughed this time.

RAGS AND TAGS AND VELVET GOWNS.

By Mary Marshall Parks.

"'N there was a new boy at school yesterday, 'n he had great patches on his knees; 'n when we choosed up the boys didn't choose him; 'n his face got red, oh! as red as fire; 'n he walked away 'n stood lookin' off the water at the ships. Served him right, I say."

Ted had been rattling on in this fashion for at least fifteen minutes; and mamma, who was reading up for the next club paper, hardly heard a word; but this last caught her attention, and she looked over the top of the book with a little start.

"Perhaps he was watching for his ship to come in," said she quietly.

If Ted could have seen the rest of her face he would have done some thinking before he said any more.

"His ship. 'Tisn't likely a boy like him would have a ship—is it now? Course he can't help the patches p'r'aps," said Ted, condescendingly, "but he oughtn't to come to a pay school with us. Harold Winston said it wasn't—suitable; and so did all the other boys. He ought to go to the public school, where the patches are."

Mamma's eyebrows went up in a fashion that would have alarmed Ted if he had happened to look at her, but he was stroking the spotless knees of his own velvet trousers.

"I used to know a boy who wore patches."

"Yes. I used to play with him every day. Patches and bare brown feet, and a hat without any brim."

"Was he a nice boy?" Ted asked, doubtfully.

"I think, taking everything into consideration, he was the nicest boy I ever knew," said mamma, with an emphatic little nod.

"And I ought to know, for I went to school with him for years."

"'N when the boys choosed up did they leave him out?" asked Ted.

"Oh, dear me, no!" said mamma, decidedly. "They wouldn't for the world have done anything so impolite."

Ted looked blank for a moment. Then his face grew red, oh! as red as fire.

"His ship hadn't come in then," continued mamma; "but it has since. He owns a big factory now."

"W-w-hat's his name?" sputtered Ted.

"John Hartley Livingston."

"Uncle John Livin'ston?"

Mamma nodded. "All boys who wear patches—and bare brown feet—don't become rich men; but I fear they are more apt to become something worth while than boys who wear velvet suits, because they are used to hardships and dirt and disagreeable things. Men who amount to something have a great deal of hard, disagreeable work to do."

"This is my best suit, anyway," cried Ted, twisting in his chair. "I don't always wear velvet. You know I wore it 'cause it was Friday and speakin' day."

Mamma went back to her book, and Ted stole away and lay down on a fluffy white rug with his feet on the seat of the sofa—a favorite position of his when he wanted to think. Monday night he came home greatly excited and stood before his mother with his feet crossed.

"The boys choosed again, 'n I choosed the patched boy, 'n they wouldn't let him play, 'n we went off 'n played mumbley-peg by our two selves," he cried, the words fairly tumbling over each other. Then he uncrossed his feet and swung the under one forward. There was a jagged hole in the knee of his trousers. "'N I want that patched," he cried, with a defiant ring in his voice. "If you please, mamma," he added in gentle tones.

"Very well," said mamma soberly, but her mouth was smiling behind the book.

"The boys have all come 'round, mamma," Ted announced, cheerfully, a week later. "Harold Winston came 'round today. He held out two days longer 'n any of the rest, 'n he did hate to give in, but he got tired of walkin' 'round all by himself."

THE KEY TO HEAVEN.

Two pilgrims came to a castle gate—
A gate locked fast and barred;
They paused aweary, for it was late,
And the journey had been hard.

Two pilgrims, I say, yet all unlike,
For one, with haughty mien,
And kingly step, paced up and down
The little strip of green—

The green which bordered the castle gate.
The other, meek and sweet,
Leaned by a pillar, resting thus,
His tired and wounded feet.

His bright eyes wandered o'er the plain
He'd strove so hard to win;
"And am I worthy," he murmured low,
"Worthy to enter in??"

The warder came to the castle gate—
The gate locked fast and barred;
His glance searched keenly the pilgrims through,
And his voice was cold and hard:

"None but the rich can enter here."
A struggling, hopeles sigh,
And he who leaned by the castle gate
Sank down as if to die.

"Here, warder, is gold"; and the gold poured out.
And rolled on the strip of grass.
"Nothing is lacking; unbar the gate;
Unlock it and let me pass.'

The warder stood on the other side,
With measured speech and cold:
"I spake of riches, yet said I
Nothing to thee of gold."

Then he who lay on the strip of grass
As one lies who is dead,
Felt the pulse of his heart revive,
And he raised his languid head.

Lo! the warder was hard no more;
His eye had the look of a dove;
"Thou must be rich, but the coin." he said,
"In my Master's realm is love."

Then he who paced with a kingly step
On the little strip of green,
Gathered his gold and went away,
And nevermore was seen.

But the gates flew open so wide and far
That a troop might freely pass,
To him who lay with his wealth of love,
Half fainting on the grass.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight;
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
There fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them;
Cannot undo, and cannot atone;
God in his mercy, receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun, and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of all sorrow and old sinning,
And puzzle forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

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